

The History of

Prin. O my sweet beoffe, I must still be good Angell to thee,
the mony is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, & may do any thing
Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it
with vnwasht hands too.

Bar. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee, Iacke a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I finde one
that can steale wel? O, for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii. or ther
about; I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for
these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laud them, I
praise them.

Prin. Bardoll.

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
To my brother Iohn, this to my Lord of Westmerland,
Go, Peto, to horse, for thou and I
Haue thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time:

Iacke meete me tomorrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know rhy charge, and there receiue,

Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,

And eyther they or we must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words braue world. Hostes, my breake fast come

Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drum.

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,

Such attribution should the Douglas haue

As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should go so generall eurrant through the world,

By God I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

In my harts loue hath no man then your selfe:

Nay, taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

Dou. Thou art the king of honour,

No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

Enter one with letters.

Hot.

Henry the f

Hot. Do so, and tis well: What
but thanke you.

Mess. These letters come fr

Hot. Letters from him: why

Mess. He cannot come, my L

Hot. Zounds, how haz he th
In such a iustling time: who le

Vnder whose gouernment co

Mess. His letters beares his

Wor. I prethee tell me doth

Mess. He did, my Lord, four
And at the time of my departu

He was much feard by his Ph

Wor. I would the state of tim
Ere he by sicknes had bin visi

His heath was neuer better w

Hot. Sickenow, droope now

The very life. bloud of our en

Tis catching hither, euen to c

He writes me here, that in war

And that his friends by depu

Could not so soone be drawn

To lay so dangerous and dea

On any soule remou'd, but on

Yet doth he giue vs bold adue

That with our small coniun

To see how fortune is dispos

For, as he writes, there is no c

Because the King is certainly

Of all our purposes: what say

Wor. Your fathers sicknesse

Hot. A perilous gash, a very

And yet, in faith, it is not his p

Seemes more then we shall fir

To set the exact wealth of al

All at one cast: to set so rich a

On the nice hazzard of one d

It were not good, for therin s